Remember That You Have to Die

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Remember That You Have to Die

by amoralagent

Summary

> *"Death."*
>
> *Hannibal looked up like Will had just called his name, blinking at him with thinly veiled confusion, "Is that meant to be a term of endearment?"*
>
> Y'know how talking deeply about death can lead to sex? No? Well, these two do.

Notes

> Says about Hannibal's wrist scars from, *cough*, that whole Matthew Brown situation, and kind of references self harm? So, tw for that.

"Death."

Hannibal looked up like Will had just called his name, blinking at him with thinly veiled confusion, "Is that meant to be a term of endearment?" Will laughed curtly, mostly *at* him, pulling the duvet back and taking off his shirt.

"Not quite."

"Then, why *did* you say it?" He asked, turning back to his book. He pretended to be interested in it, the same as he *pretended* to not notice Will throwing his shirt across the room and lying back with his hands behind his head, sheets across his legs, posed like some kind of Greek statue- his skin bathed a sleek yellow-gold in the lamplight. Will didn't say anything for a long moment, narrowing his eyes as Hannibal averted his.

"Your acting skills aren't very convincing." He pushed Hannibal's book closed with an outstretched finger, meeting no resistance and drawing his ever-placid gaze, "You really couldn't ignore me if you tried." Will's expression was mischievous and coy, as keen as the glimmer of a hunting knife. The smile he wore was hardly there but the sparkle in his eyes fiery, feigning seriousness well.

"Were you calling upon Death? Because I could fulfil that wish."

"You could *try*." They held a look and Will could tell Hannibal wanted to smile at him, "And no, I was hoping to start a conversation about it. But if you're too busy with Nietzsche, I guess I'll just fade away into the background. Ignored forever--"

"Your antagonising will only get you so far, my dear Will." Hannibal interrupted, putting the book on the bedside table with no hurry at all. Will grinned when he thought he couldn't see: "What's made you want to talk about death at this time of night?"

"One of the dogs just ate a spider right in front of me." Will looked away, "And threw it back up."

"Did you clean up the mess?"

"No. The others saw to that before I could." Hannibal hid his disgust well but not well enough that Will didn't notice. He slowly took Hannibal's hand in his and turned it over, tracing the raised, white line on his wrist as he spoke, "I just figured that we've never spoken about the act of death. At least, not what comes after it." He pressed his finger down so it left an indent of a nail there; Hannibal had no reaction whatsoever. Will thought of where he'd like those hands on him, "Not properly."

"Are you mulling over past actions?" Hannibal took his hand in his to stop him touching the scar, meeting his gaze.

Will looked down at his wrist again, "You do realise that some people probably see these scars and think they were self inflicted."

"They may as well have been, as you are my other half." *Real smooth, Hannibal.*

"It *was* by proxy."

"You'd rather have done them yourself?" He asked, not surprised at all- already knowing the answer.

"Maybe," Will considered evasively, definitely meaning yes. He glanced around the room before looking to him again, not a hint of anger, or upset. Just soft eyes and voice almost whispering, deep and rich, "We're conjoined. Remember?"

"It's hard to forget." Hannibal quipped, barely concealing a smirk, and sighing: "Well. Plenty of philosophers argue death is nothing to be afraid of."

"Do you agree with that?"

Hannibal paused for a moment, sadness etched delicately in the lines of his face for a few drawn out seconds. Will squeezed his hand a little: "Socrates told of it being either a dreamless sleep, or the path to another life. Even when sentenced to death, he remained perfectly calm."

"Sounds like someone I know." Hannibal smiled slightly at that. A gentle thing.

"If it isn't the latter, fearing nonexistence would be pointless. And because you know it's coming, why be concerned about the inevitable? Death is but a part of a life cycle."

Will thought on it, eyes narrowing: "So you're saying you wouldn't miss me if I died? Gee, thanks." He joked, rubbing a thumb over the back of Hannibal's hand.

Hannibal raised their interlocked fingers and kissed Will's knuckles, lips brushing the back of his hand as he spoke, "If you think that, I'm afraid you've forgotten the vows I made to you." He lowered their joined hands again, not meeting Will's eyes, "I never said I don't resent death; grieve for those I love that it comes to."

"*'Til Death Do Us Part.* Ah yes, when I die you will be free of me. To do as, *and who*, you please." Will smiled, genuine, devilish, eyes drifting up from the ring on Hannibal's finger to his eyes, warm and full of mirth.

"You are a terror."

Will half-shrugged, "It's not like I can be jealous: I'll be dead, I won't know." He teased, heavy-lidded and downright sacrosanct. Hannibal released Will's hand to twine his fingers into his hair, stroking gently, studying him like he'd just hung the moon: "You really are insufferable when you get like this, y'know?"

Hannibal's doting expression didn't falter for a second, leaning in slightly closer, "Like what?" *He knows what.* Will just watched his face, that hot gaze making his pulse go that tiny bit faster. He thought it insane, a realisation dawning on him that no one had ever seen

Hannibal look so open and fond. So in love. And he hoped no one but him would ever see that ever again.

"What about the death of others, then?" Will offered up, watching as Hannibal's admiration reigned itself in, this strange game of seduction Will was playing becoming clearer to him, present in the overwhelming desire emerging behind his eyes. It was always there, lurking. Waiting to be roused, "Are you not scared of losing them, but of being left alone? Or left behind?" Hannibal stayed quiet in his enrapture, not quite leaning over Will, but the hand in his hair still and his body turned to face more towards him than before, "Or are you scared because that relationship is gone forever? And you'll never see them again?"

Hannibal hummed after a while. He sounded contemplative, but of something else, "It depends on whether you believe that you will see them again. Reunited in another life."

"Or in Heaven." Will wondered secretly if this would be his Heaven, in this bed, in these soft sheets, talking of morbidities while Hannibal gave him that *look* that sent shivers thrilling across his skin. As if he were the only thing that mattered- deserved such attention- beauteous and enthralling. All his, to worship. Not even yet to foreplay, just balancing on the edge of the tension, regaling each other with atrocious thoughts and dark, atavistic ideals. Darker still were the delves into each other's minds, convoluted and sharp and visceral.

"I always thought it to be unconscionable to truly believe in a God so unforgiving." Hannibal divulged, stroking Will's hair again, "But I am intrigued by His wiles."

"As you are *intrigued* by mine." Will goaded, making Hannibal's lip quirk into a tender smile, "Isn't lacking dedicated belief condemning yourself to an eternity of suffering? On principle?"

"Hell is an absence of God. It was humanity that constructed it into such a torturous place." He leaned in closer then, not crowding Will's space but near enough that Will's heart thumped, holding back a sultry smile like it was a confession, "Man won't admit to being the engineer; people are beyond personal recompense, to take responsibility for the sins they commit."

"They?"

"We aren't amongst those with morality, my memento mori. Are we not the wolves chained up amongst the sheep?"

"We aren't chained." Will murmured, and Hannibal inclined his a head fractionally, eyes gleaming, seemingly pleased with his answer.

"There are those who would rather chose psychodrama- people *want* to believe God can never forgive them." He moved closer, face inches from Will's, hand in his hair cradling, *"They are begging to be punished."* Their lips collided and Will inhaled deeply, grabbing firmly at Hannibal's neck and shoulders to pull him closer still, always closer, arching his back in want of more. Hannibal's palms were on him then, open to him in surrender, in possession, hot and rough; noises heavy and breathless, strong weight bearing down onto him, caging him not like prey, but like a wild creature to be tamed.

He sighed longingly as Hannibal applied a biting kiss to his throat like a brand, "As am I." Will uttered, "As am I."

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